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THE
DEATH AND DISSECTION,
FUNERAL PROCESSION AND WILL,
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MRS. REGENCY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

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FUNERAL PROCESSION AND WILL



Mrs. R. E. G. L. N. C. Y.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

THE
DEATH AND DISSECTION,
FUNERAL PROCESSION AND WILL,
OF
MRS. REGENCY.

REVISED, CORRECTED, ALTERED, ADDED TO, AND
CONSIDERABLY AMENDED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

A Variety of NEW CHARACTERS are introduced in the
Proceſſion, ſeveral BURLESQUE DIRGES added, that
did not appear in the firſt Publication, and the *hiatus* filled
up, by making complete

THE PINDARIC.

With ſome original Obſervations on the immediate Conſe-
quences of this ſurpriſing Death;

AND

AN ADDRESS

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Geographic Preſs,
AND SOLD BY

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AND W. RICHARDSON, UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

THE
DEATH AND DISSECTION
FURNERAL PROCESSION AND WILL

MRS. R. E. G. H. N. C. Y.

RECEIVED, COLLECTED, AND SENT TO AND
CONSIDERED AND APPROVED

BY THE ATTORNEY

THE NEW CHARACTERS are introduced in the
present, and several BURLESQUE pieces added, that
will be seen in the first publication, and the drama which
will be seen in the first publication.



Which is a record of the immediate Conf-
dence of the University of Cambridge.

A. D.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE MOST HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

FOURTH EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

AND SOLD BY

J. H. & Co. 10, New Bond Street, London, W.
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ONE of the greatest blessings which Englishmen enjoy is, that the meanest individual in the kingdom can thus introduce himself to the notice of a Prince, and repeat or discontinue his visit, just as it either suits his convenience, or pleases his fancy.

Availing myself of this Constitutional Liberty, I approach your Royal Highness with respect, but without fear. It is the character of a British subject to distinguish the beams of royalty from the splendor of riches,

riches, and to know that there is a rank in the one which the other cannot purchase. But in a land of freedom, he should never lose an atom of his own dignity by the preservation of what he owes to his superiors.

Impressed with these sentiments, I solicit your patronage to the following pages, in which your Highness will find something to make you laugh, if you are disposed to be merry; and something to call for your censure, if ridicule be criminal in exercising its talents at the expence of disappointed ambition.

That the death of the Regency Bill was more pleasing to you than its life, I sincerely believe. You had made promises in the bountiful hours of conviviality, and in the pinching moments of distress, which the limited powers of your new dominion could not fulfil; and ruling over a people undi-

posed to grant what you must have had, to make life comfortable, it was much more to your happiness, that you should remain as you are, than assume the title of Regent. The social enjoyments of a subject, at your time of life, are better suited to the mind, than the splendid appendages of monarchy; and I am much deceived in your character, if you would not rather recline on the bosom of *Bathsheba*, than sway the sceptre of *Solomon*.

In offering to your Highness's perusal the work of a few hours, when my heart was elated with the joyful news of our Sovereign's recovery, I am confident I cannot displease you; however the event and its consequences may depress the spirits of your party.

Wherever I appear, in your Highness's opinion, to have brought forward your friends in too ridiculous a light, I beseech you to ascribe that fault to the character
 itself,

itself, and not to the pen which committed its outlines to paper. I am far from being an ill-natured man, and would at any time much rather laugh at, than censure a crime.

I have only to add, if any doubt may arise to the injury of this assertion, that I refer you for a full evidence of the fact, to what, without permission, is here dedicated to your Royal Highness, by

THE AUTHOR.

THE

THE DEATH, &c.

OF

MRS. R E G E N C Y.

H E R D E A T H.

March, 1789.

ON Tuesday last, at half past five in the evening, to the great grief of a numerous circle of friends, and to the general satisfaction of the public, departed this life, after suffering the most excruciating tortures, which she bore with meekness and submission, a LADY, much talked of, and well known in every part of *Europe*. What makes her death the more to be regretted is, that she was in a few days to be UNITED in the most solemn and most PUBLIC manner

B

with

with his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, to whom she had offered every thing in her power to bestow. To such a *connection* both the *Prince* and his friends were at first rather averse; but when they came to consider all that had been said on the subject, and how publicly the matter was talked of in every company, His Royal Highness consented to take, for better for worse, and under the act, that which he thought he might have possessed, as long as he pleased, without the *controul of Law*. The day was fixed for the solemnity, the suites of attendants named, and new joyful apparel bought by the friends of the Prince: but who is he, that can with certainty know what THE MORROW *shall produce?*

“ The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate—puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.”—Providence interfered, and in one moment darkened the prospect that looked so bright before them. A peer—a well-known peer, and why should we conceal his name—*Lord Hawkebury*,—that man who formerly was *Charles Jenkinson*—from a *violent attachment* to his sovereign, and
an

an idea that such a connection ought not *now* to take place, went to the apartment where this good Lady lay, under some apprehensions of death from a galloping consumption, and PUT AN END TO HER EXISTENCE at once.

WHAT the *Prince* and his friends mean to do with the noble Lord, we believe is not yet known; but this much we can aver—the *Sovereign* is not displeased with his Lordship for what he has effected, and the nation at large rejoices at the event: for the connection was of that nature, which involved in it the interests of the whole empire, the *probable issue* being a matter of the utmost moment both to the *Crown* and the *Constitution*.

MR. COOPER, of Palace Yard, had the body immediately committed to his care, and, as in all cases of the same nature, gave the custody over to Mr. *Blackstock*.

THE Lady having shewed symptoms of approaching dissolution for more than a

week antecedent to her death, the Prince's friends were eager to have the union solemnized in as quick a manner as possible ;—but there were so many forms to get through, in point of settlement, that it could not be effected in time.

THE news of the death was quickly circulated, and the mob no sooner heard where the body lay, than they flocked down to the House of Lords in great numbers, *Mr. Cooper* and *Mr. Blackstock* both having offices there. They pushed up the stairs, to the door that leads to the entrance appropriated for the Peers, where they pressed so hard on *Cochran* the door-keeper, that *Mr. QUARME*, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, was obliged to come out ; but even this Gentleman, with all his usual affability, found the task of removing the crowd too difficult for politeness, and therefore was obliged to exert the authority of his office, and order them out by force.

THE

THE name of this remarkable Lady well known. The people and the Parliament called her THE REGENCY BILL.

THREE days after her death, she was interred, in a most extraordinary manner, at *Brookes's* Gambling House in *St. James's* street, by that FACTION, so universally called THE PARTY, who are the only mourners at, and the sole losers by her death.

ANTECEDENT, however, to the funeral, it was thought proper to have the body opened, its internal parts being so often dissected in theory by both Houses of Parliament, and the opinions on each day of dispute so various as to all its noble parts.

THE FOLLOWING IS

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE OPENING OF THE BODY.

THE persons appointed to *dissect* and *embowel* this remarkable Lady, were Surgeon BURKE, Surgeon FOX, Surgeon WEDDERBURN, and Dr. SURFACE, four of the best *cutting* anatomists in the whole Faculty of Palace Yard.

THEY first opened the *head*, or as it is *physically* termed, *the preamble to the contents of the body*, which they found quite perfect, the *pia mater*, or membrane that enfolds the brain, not being injured in the smallest degree.

THIS puzzled them not a little, as they had, when called into consultation before the

the Lady died, gave it as their opinion, that the *head*, as well as the *bowels*, shewed strong signs of a *decaying constitution*.

PROCEEDING downwards, however, they perceived that the windpipe was *inflamed*, that the neck was *dislocated*, and that the *clavicle* had received a compound fracture, as if the Lady had been *strangled*, and then thrown down so as to *break the collar bone*, which was the real truth, for Lord *Hawkebury* committed *the one act*, and the *Lord Chancellor*, God forgive him, did *the other*.

WHEN the *sternum*, or chest was opened, all appeared right there; and her *heart* was found and strong. The *bowels*, contrary to the idea of the surgeons, corresponded with the *head*, and were *faultless*; and the *limbs* were formed so strong, that if she had not been *strangled*, she must have lived until the *course of nature* committed her to the grave; for she had no *imperfections* of her own to send her out of the world before her time.

THE

THE *windpipe* was the only part that differed in her from other windpipes. Its functions were so delicate, that a small matter immediately stopped the lungs from playing, and hence it was that Lord *Hawkesbury*, so easily effected her death.

THE body being sewed up, and shrowded in the BISHOP OF LLANDAFF's speech against that regal power which was to remain with the King and Queen, the ceremony was performed of

PUTTING INTO THE COFFIN.

THIS was attended with much solemnity, the four Surgeons drowned in tears, two at the head and two at the feet, laying it in a shell lined with BUFF SILK, and covered with BLUE CLOTH—and alternately finging, in a very solemn manner, the following awful dirge :

THAT

SONG,

(9)

S O N G,

BY FOUR SURGEONS.

AIR—*I've kiss'd, and I've prattl'd.*

SURGEON BURKE.

I'VE cut up and mangled ten thousand good bills,
And sometimes the House did approve ;
But of all the dissections I ever came near,
This body has least of my love.

SURGEON SHERIDAN.

There's *Hastings* and *Impey* we've sliced to the bone,
And with pleasure our instruments move ;
But of all the political subjects we've met,
This body has least of our love ?

SURGEON FOX.

Yet, bad as it was, we much wish'd it to live,
Though against it *below* and *above* ;
For to us it gave consequence, pow'r, and wealth,
Although not an atom of love.

SURGEON LOUGHBOROUGH.

My word is down, and I'm fix'd to the stake,
That the RIGHT OF THE PRINCE is above
All Law and all Precedent, Commons, and Lords ;
Then how can this Bill have our love.

THE

THE wealth and power this Lady was to have bestowed on the Party, made them wish to shew every mark of respect to her funeral, and hence it was that the place of her interment was at *Brookes's*, and under that table where their very souls lay, without even a wish of redemption.

THE EMBLEMATICAL ORNAMENTS

DISPLAYED some taste, and were rich and various—such as suited the occasion, and were congenial to the sentiments of the Party.

THE figure of HOPE lay dead at the bottom of her anchor, being murdered by FEAR, who was depicted with all the horrors of guilt in his face.

THESE were on the centre of the lid, and surrounded by a wreath of withered laurel.

ON

ON the front of the head of the coffin was a large figure of HIBERNIA, displaying in her right hand a straw CROWN, and wielding in her left, a *gingerbread Sceptre*.

AT the *dexter side*, six striking likenesses of the SIX MESSENGERS from the *Irish Parliament*, done in *brass*; and on the *sinister*, as companions to them, SIX FOOLS CAPS, executed in *Prince's metal*: the motto to the first, *Futili nihil credendum* (we must not believe a BLAB); the other, *Faëtum stultus agnoscit* (a FOOL acknowledges what he has done).

AT the foot, VIRTUE in PRINCE ROYAL robes, was finely depicted, struggling with one *Joseph Surface*, who was in the act of attempting to ravish her—SHAME, with the mantle of POLITICS, attempting to hide the scene from public view. A motto hung out of *Surface's* pocket, *Occasio facit furcif* (opportunity makes the thief).

THE hearse was at the expence of the *Party*, and the *escutcheons* bore evident marks
it

it was *their* gift. The *Arms of Ireland* were placed *over* those of *England*, with this motto, *Respice futurum* (look at what is to come).

PLUMES of white feathers ornamented the horses, and on the front-stall of each bridle, *Tempora mutantur*, (the times are changed,) was written in *black characters*, on a white ground.

ON the middle of the roof of the hearse was a statue of JUDGE JEFFERIES, as large as life, with a *blue* label from his mouth, expressing in *buff* words, “ *I say the sole right is in the Prince.*” At the foot of the Judge was a small figure of *Cataline* lighting his pipe with MAGNA CHARTA.

THE door which opened into the hearse was covered with a sheet of vellum, on which were represented the leading men of a *certain Party*, after having forced their way into the Temple, presenting a petition to *Æsculapius*, praying him to put his daughter *Hygeia* (the Goddess of Health) to death,

death, for being the first cause of the murder of the REGENCY BILL.

THE body thus deposited in the coffin, and the coffin placed in the hearse,

HIS Grace of *Norfolk* mounted the box in a black cloak, his hair without powder, and his hands imprisoned in white gloves; Little *Bobby Cocker*, the Attorney, tiding as postillion.

THE hearse drew up with the horses heads facing the sign of the ship, as the line of procession was marked out from Palace Yard through Parliament Street, Charing Cross, Spring Gardens, the Hay Market, Piccadilly, and into St. James's Street, to *Brookes's*, where the Rev. Bishop *Wrongside*—waited its arrival.

THERE was considerable delay in getting the mourners, pall-bearers, and pages into order, *Mr. Burke* and *Mr. Sheridan*, the principals, having with the coachman got into *Davy Jacobs's*, where they were eating beef-

beef-steaks, and drinking porter, and from which they determined not to move until they had finished their morning *morceau*.

BOBBY COCKER, the attorney, also quitted his post, having seen among the crowd a person whom he had been long seeking to serve with a copy of a writ. The horses, thus left to themselves, took fright, and would have smashed the windows in *Frank's* coffee-house, had they not been fortunately stopped by a brandy butt at *Bellamy* and *Kew's* door.

THIS, with the absence of *Michael Angelo Taylor*, Lord *Maitland*, Lord *Fielding*, and *Jack Courtenay*, four of the pages, who were playing *Putt* at the *Crown*, kept the procession back until two o'clock, when all things being in readiness, they formed a cavalcade as far as Sir *Peter Burrell's* house in *Whitehall*, very few of the attendants shewing signs of ebriety.

THE

THE PROCESSION

WAS as follows:—*Lord Sheffield, Harry House, Bill Beresford, Kitt Bethel, Jack Gregory, and Mich Downs*, clearing the way with *long poles*, armed at the end with *buff rags*, in humble imitation of the *Essex geese drivers*.

TWELVE PAGES,

Two and two, in black coats, *open* under the arm, and *unclosed* at the elbows, to shew their *buff* shirts:

Michael Angelo Taylor,	Lord Maitland,
Lord Fielding,	Mr. Courtenay,
Mr. Adam,	Mr. Anstruther,
Mr. Francis,	Sir Grey Cooper,
Mr. Viner,	Sir James Erskine,
Colonel North,	Sir Gilbert Elliot,

And Major George Hanger,

carrying on his head **THE PLUME OF FEATHERS** before

THE

THE HEARSE,

Which was followed by the

TWO CHIEF MOURNERS,

CHARLES FOX AND BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Dressed in long black cloaks, and fingering,
as a solemn dirge, the following four lines,
set to music by Mr. *Linley*:—

What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart ;

What Lethe remove this said ill ?

What cure can be met with to comfort the heart,

For the DEATH of this REGENCY BILL ?

TWELVE BLUDGEON-MEN,

With crapes round the leaden ends of their
weapons, bearing on their shoulders a fi-
gure of DEATH, armed with a scythe, on
the blade of which was written, THE
WESTMINSTER ELECTION, “ *Fox* and
“ *TOWNSHEND* for ever.”

SIX PEERS,

With their coats TURNED, walking two and two.

Duke of Queensberry, Duke of Northumberland,

Lord Malmesbury, Lord Hawke,

Lord Rawdon, Marquis of Lothian,

alternately singing the following catch, and turning to each other as they pronounced the words :

Lord, Sir, you seem mighty uneasy ;

But I this misfortune can bear ;

I warrant I shall not run crazy,

Nor die in a fit of despair :

If so you suppose, you're mistaken :

For, Sir, for to let you to know,

If from me the King's favour is taken,

To the Prince I, of course, make my bow.

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,

carrying a black flag, on the right side of which was inscribed, A NEWSPAPER'S A LIBEL : and on the wrong side, THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. His Lordship was dressed in his *best wig*, and *Chancellor's would-be-rob*es, and looked remarkably prim.

TWENTY PARAGRAPH WRITERS,

Two and two, dressed in paper caps, and armed each with a silver pen, and a little bottle of gall. They carried four flags, on which were displayed the words,

Morning Herald,
Gazetteer,

Morning Post,
General Advertiser,

Written in the centre of each, on the body of a *Viper*, which was gnawing at *BRITANNIA's Crown*, as she lay asleep in the garden at *Windsor*. The motto underneath *Latet anguis in herba*—(a snake in the grass)

MR. POWIS,

Habited as the daughter of *Tantalus* in her *Niobe*an weeds, two of his Majesty's dismissed pages holding a ten gallon washing-tub under his chin, to receive the tears that fell on this melancholy occasion.

Lord North,
Lord Carlisle

Lord Stormont,
Lord Fitzwilliam.

In the *Prince of Wales's* livery, with black crapes over their faces, Lord *North* chaunting the 10th verse of the xxxviii. chapter of the book of *Psalms*—

“ My heart panteth, my strength faileth me,” &c.

TWO RACE HORSES,

SIR PETER and DASH, led by Lord *Derby*, and carrying on their backs the *Amendments* or *Prescriptions* made by the *Party* to Mrs. *Regency*.

MR. BURKE,

In sackcloth and ashes, carrying a *straight waistcoat* in one hand, and the figure of *Mad Tom* in the other; and mournfully chaunting in recitative, the 8th verse of the 38th chapter of the book of *Psalms*—

“ I am feeble and sore broken; and I have roared, by reason of the disquietness of my mind.”

TWELVE SILENT SENATORS

of the Minority ; that voted against the idea of convalescence, two and two, weeping.

THE SIX IRISH REGENCY GIANTS,

with their coats *buttoned behind*, fingering the *Irish* howl——

“ Pullalaloo—pullalaloo—Oh——

“ Oh she was our *darling*——Oh ! Ogh ! Oh !——

“ Oh ! she was our jewel——

“ She would have made *little Ireland*

“ The kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN——

“ That she would——

“ Pullalaloo——pullalaloo, Ogh !

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND,

riding on a nine inch howitzer, drawn by Lord *Leicester* and Lord *John Townshend*.

SIX FEMALE MOURNERS,

two and two, dressed in *Regency* caps without a *Crown*, and ornamented with *blue* and *buff* ribbons.

Lady Dowager *Laneborough*, Lady John *Lade*,

Countess of *Derby*,

Lady *Page Turner*,

Lady *Maynard*,

Lady *Tyrconnel*.

LORD

LORD STANHOPE,

with a double drum muffled, which was made of the *parchment* on which the *Regency Bill* was to have been engrossed. He beat, alternately, the quick step of *Cain* into the land of *Nod*, and the melancholy march of *Adam* and *Eve* out of the garden of *Eden*.

LORD CHEDWORTH,

playing a *Solo* on an *Italian* pipe, composed by the *late Lord Tynley*, and *corrected* by *Captain Dives*.

TRADESMEN.

ONE hundred butchers, one hundred poulterers, one hundred bakers, one hundred brewers, fifty wine-merchants, one hundred green grocers, two hundred taylor, two hundred shoemakers, and twenty coachmakers, two and two, weeping bitterly.

MR. SURFACE'S POULTERER,

singing in a melancholy manner, and the others ever and anon joining him with tears in their eyes,

O ! that *this day* we ne'er had seen——
 Our *bills* now rest in fruitless hope !
 No *Prince* a King——no *Regent Queen* !
 Let's give our sorrows their full scope.
 Ah ! sprightly, witty, *Congreve Dick*,
 Who's prob'd our pockets to the quick,
 Think what we feel—This *Regent* dart,
 Has touch'd thy *Tradesmen* to the heart.

TWENTY-FOUR BUTCHERS,

With marrow-bones and cleavers, followed the tradesmen, two and two, their cleavers muffled, founding the dead march that accompanied *Jonathan Wild* to *Pancras* church-yard.

BIG BEN,

in the chair which was last honoured with *Lord John Townshend*, carried by *Doyle*, *Ryan*, and two *Irish* chairmen, his Gymnastic Majesty singing the following

S O N G:

AIR.—*Hail* POLITENESS, *Pow'r* *divine*.

I greet thee *Lothian*, ancient lad,
Of paint and powder, Fashion's dad ;
Look at my face, and look at thine—
A *pismire's* your's—an *ox's* mine.

Gaudy, flutt'ring, little creature !
Insect in thy very feature :
A Col'nel too ! !—and war the word !
War with thy Sov'reign, GEORGE THE THIRD.

O ! come then to thy *Big Ben's* breast,
Where many a fist has forely prefs'd,
And pass with me the Prince's Ferry,
To *Fox*, *Fitzpatrick*, *Burke*, and *Sherry*.

And bid farewell to King and court—
And take to *tennis*, *Fred'rick's* sport—
Or steer thy course to *Brookes's* gran'ries—
To store up there the CORNWALL STAN'RIES.

MENDOZA AND HUMPHRIES,

Dressed in the habits of ARTAXERXES and ARBACÉS,

Borrowed from DRURY-LANE Play-house,

Singing the following beautiful DUET, with Alterations :

“ In infancy our hopes and fears
“ Were to each other known,
“ And friendship, in our riper years,
“ Had twin'd our hearts in one :”

" O give us then a PRINCE as King—

" CHIEF JUSTICE BEN, and BARON TRING;

" The ARMY yours—the NAVY mine,

" And BOXING then indeed shall SHINE."

LORD PORCHESTER,

Carrying in his hand an excellent likeness of Lord *North* receiving instructions from his FATHER, (we equally mean the father of us all in that reign) GEORGE THE SECOND, which instructions were, that he should be stedfast to his Sovereign, and faithful to his party, or shame and disgrace would certainly, in the end, oblige him to submit to the sad and deplorable situation of being led by his enemies. Lord *Porchester*, in order to prove how *seriously* this matter affected him, and how requisite it was to impress the multitude with the same degree of reverential awe he always experiences under the center branch of that side of the House of Peers, on the Chancellor's left hand, where he generally delivers the animated emanations of a brain bubbling with enthusiastic fire—sung with the whole force of his voice, a most learned composition on the conduct of Mr. *Sheridan*, to whose mistaken zeal for his Prince,

Mrs.

Mrs. REGENCY owed one great cause of her sudden exit.—The *serious song*, fung by his Lordship on this occasion, was his own composition.

S O N G.

AIR.—“ *The Farmer’s Dog leap’d over the Style.*”

The Prince’s FRIEND o’ershot his mark,

His name was *little Sherry* :

The Prince’s friend o’ershot his mark,

His name was *little Sherry* :

S with an H—H with an E,

E with an R—R with a Y—

His name was *little Sherry*.

The Prince he lov’d a glass of wine,

And call’d it *Champagne Berry* :

B with an E, E with an R,

R with an R, and R with a Y,

And called it *Champagne Berry*.

And is not this a serious song.

A *dismal* to make *merry*?

M with an E, E with an R,

R with an R—and R with a Y—

A *dismal* to make *merry*.

His Lordship had two servants, in his own livery, preceding him, and carrying
on

on their shoulders a pole, from which hung a large buff bag, inscribed—*The Political Sins of THE PARTY*, in prose and verse, by *single speech* Hamilton and Lord Carlisle.

SIX EARLS,

full dressed, and walking two and two.

Lord Eglinton,

Lord Cassilis,

Lord Huntingdon,

Lord Suffolk,

Lord Exeter,

Lord Peterborough.

EARL SANDWICH,

in a peter-boat, drawn by six white-robed virgins, and attended by two Mednam-Abbey representations of RELIGION and VIRTUE, *Death* following him close to the stern. In the center of the boat was a sail, on which was painted a representation of the ACCUSING SPIRIT giving in his charge to the RECORDING ANGEL, and MERCY taking her flight from the seat of Judgment. MOTHER WINDSOR with her right hand directed the rudder, and in her left held the figure of a laughing prostitute kneeling

kneeling to her Father Confessor, and saying PENI-TENTO *non* PENITENTI.

THE CYPRIAN CORPS,

two and two, dressed in weeds, and preceded by

Mrs. BENWELL and Mrs. ARMSTEAD,

supporting poor PERDITA ROBINSON, in the last stage of an *incontinent* consumption.

P E R D I T A

sung, with a melancholy voice, the old song of

“ When I was a young one, what girl was like me,
“ So wanton, so airy—so brisk as a bee.” &c.

FOUR VISCOUNTS:

Lord Hereford,	Lord Maynard,
Lord Bolingbroke,	Lord Hamden

chaunting a solemn dirge :

AIR

AIR—*Dootherum, Nigety, Fidgety.*

Though late we were happy, and chuck full of glee,
And valu'd the Crown not a pin,
The tables are turn'd, and we plainly foresee,
Not a man of us shall get in.

Sing Dootherum, Nootherum,

Nigety, Fidgety;

That rascal, *Billy Pitt*,

Keeps us all out.

Dear *Charley*, ah! tell us how long d'ye think
King *George* will remain on his throne;
For in sorrow we pine, and in sadness we think,
That it's long till the *Prince* wears the Crown.

Sing Dootherum, Nootherum, &c.

TWELVE BARONS.

Lord Audley,

Lord St. John,

Lord Darnley,

Lord Teynham,

Lord Kinnaird,

Lord Kinnoul,

Lord Monfon,

Lord Foley,

Lord Vernon,

Lord Pelham,

Lord Cadogan,

Lord Corke,

Walking two and two and the first eight
carrying Lord Baron *Rodney*, in a Water-
man's scull on their shoulders, the old *Ev-*
STATIA GLEANER singing,

AIR—

AIR.—*The Nightrigale's Song.*

My King, it is true, late made me a Peer,
 And a coronet sits on my head;
 But my Wife has done more, she has made me a DEER,
 A Deer by the Laws of the bed.

Then a Fig for the King, and a Crown for the Prince,
 And long live the horned creation,
 And here's to the ladies that never will wince
 At pleasing each man in the nation.

THE COACHES

Closed the procession. Those made for the expectant Ministry were first, and drove by the coach-maker's people, as it was not found safe to trust them with men, who, as things were, might never have it in their power to pay for them.

MR. SHERIDAN'S TAYLOR,

In Mr. Fox's old chariot, drawn by a light grey, and a dark brown horse, brought up the rear. The coachman wore the late poor *Sam House's night-cap* over his wig, and with a crape in his hat made a most melancholy appearance.

INTER-

INTERMENT.

WHEN the body arrived at the door of *Brookes's*, it was obliged to wait some time for the *Plume of Feathers*, George Hanger having stepped aside from the Procession in Pall-Mall, just to get a fop in the pan from *Weltjee*, the cook of the *PILLORY*. It was full half an hour before he came to the gambling house, *Bellendenus* cursing him all the while in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Hebrew*.

THE PAGES having untenanted the hearse of its deceased burden, and taken it on their shoulders, carried it into the hall, where it was met by

COLONEL FITZPATRICK,

who, on this melancholy occasion, pronounced the following

PINDARICK,

*Written by himself at the Shakespeare Tavern, whilst
Mr. Sheridan was preparing the Epitaph.*

I.

What dismal sight is this, so black, so glum?
The Party too, in mourning, grief, and tears!!
 Ah, woe is me! O my prophetic fears!
 Great *Stanhope's* Earl beats the *muffled drum*.

II.

The BRITISH LION's well:
 Sad tidings this to tell!
Hibernia now, in mournful strain,
 To *Harry Grattan* shall complain,
 And *Shannon* cry, and *Leinster* weep,
 And *Sheridan* drink deep,
 To swallow down this pill—
 THE MOURNFUL EXIT OF OUR REGENT'S BILL.

III.

Oh! let me talk!
 Gods! what a baulk!
 To have the nation fav'd, just as the thieves were at the door.
 Curse on this *Willis*! with enchanted hand
 To execute so quick the LORD's COMMAND,
 And make Disorder take its farewell flight,
 Before WE JOIN'D with Ireland in the PRINCE's RIGHT:

IV.

And turn'd *our* en'mies out the Treas'ry door,
 And made a Countess of a ———,
 That Devon's Member might be gall'd the more;
 And *her* relations feel not *quite so sore*
 Those cutting words the loyal TIMES had utter'd;
 But hot with *Patriot fire*,
 And red with *family ire*,
 Make good the threats which they had mutter'd.

V.

Like a senatorial Olio,
 Made up in speaking folio,
 Full of pretty nothings in each line,
 Here all the *Beautiful*—there the *Sublime*—
 Threat'ning, like Edmund Burke, a tedious length of time,
 Thus *Madam Regent* fell—
 Spreading with horror all around
 Her knell of death—that dismal sound
 Making ev'ry honest Whig
 Look so small that was so big;
 Whilst Loyalty, with smiling face,
 Offspring of true patriot race,
 Her cheeks with honest pleasure glowing,
 Her eyes with tears of joy o'erflowing,
 Foresaw the downfall of our Hope,
 And bids us shun the AXE and ROPE.

VI.

Thus the Grand Bill of *Charley Fox*,
 Our dear bought son of *Pop'li Vox*,
 That Bill which was to spread his fame
 From *Indus* to the *Pole*,
 From *Asia's Plains* to *Limehouse Hole*,
 The wide extent of his great name,
 WAS STRANGLED IN A WEEK;
 Ere it could its lawful language speak;
 Not by the Nurse's awkward murd'ring hand,
 But by the *British Lords* command,
 Who saw it swell with pois'nous thunder,
 And knew it fraught with India plunder.
 Determin'd thus upon its certain fate,
 The Peers assembled round
 To prove its heart unsound,
 And gave't a speedy and a deadly date.

Our

Our Party said it was a plan design'd;
 And in a dreadful hour,
 Amidst their grief,
 All—all went out,
 Or, in the Senate phrase, *each man resign'd*.
 The people saw the party fall,
 And bellow'd out a joyful bawl,
 A national alarm,
 That bade the friends to Pitt all quickly arm.
 Their host, however, was by much too small,
 In that assemblage which we *Commons* call;
 And certain ruin must have been their lot,
 And King, and Pitt, and Thurlow gone to pot,
 Had not a Grenville Peer, just in the nick,
 Play'd Fox a cunning, sly, and slipp'ry trick,
 And made the King UNPARLIAMENT us all—
 Who thus adrift,
 Put to the shift,
 Gave up the India Bill;
 Each man, in sorrow's ill,
 Forgetting ev'ry thing but his own fall.

VII.

Hark, how dismal sounds the muffled drum!—
 Come, *Patriot Mis'ry*—quickly come,
 This Regent Death demands thee,
 This dreadful fight commands thee;
 Whilst sorrow pale shall place
 A Whiggish sympathy in ev'ry face.
 But hold!—*Mendoza's* fist I spy—
 Gymnastick *Humphries'* eye,
 The knuckles of the one all out of place—
 (The Boxing Blackguard's fate,
 In high or low estate)
 Their broken noses flatten'd to their face.

These are our friends most near ;
 Come, *Mendoza*—and you, my *Humphries* dear ;
George Hanger swears on earth there's not your peer,
 For fixing straight a blow,
 That shall dissolve the eye into a jellied tear ;
 As if thy powerful hand,
 By our sad Party's grief command,
 Should make the eye for ever flow.

VIII.

Thus let our party plaints, in dismal strain,
 Tell to the world that all our hopes are vain ;
 And that our thoughts are *Main* and *Chance* again.
HYGEIA's Goddess, sent by Heaven's decree,
 To **SAVE** the Crown, and set the People **FREE**,
AT ONCE RESTORING KING and LIBERTY.

MR. BURKE,

at the words *King* and *Liberty*, laid his
 figure of *Mad Tom* on the top of the coffin,
 and uttered a loud *groan* in *IRISH*, which
 giving the cue to the

SIX IRISH REGENCY GIANTS,

they set up their native death *howl*, in a
 most piercing tone.

THE MUFFLED DRUM

having beat to order, the coffin was carried
 up stairs to the *Hazard Room*, where

BISHOP

BISHOP WRONGSIDE,

with an elegant bouquet of *leeks* on his bosom, and provincially supported by two *he-goats*, made *first* his obeisance to the PLUME OF FEATHERS, and then, taking from his pocket two likenesses of the *King* and *Prince of Wales*, his Lordship sung,

“ How happy had I gone with either,
 “ Was t’other dear charmer away;
 “ But whilst they *perplex* me together,
 “ *By CHANCE I mistook the RIGHT way.*”

HIS GRACE OF QUEENSBURY

was so sensible to the force of this, that he *breathed* a sigh, which was felt by every person within ten yards of where he stood.

SIX DICE BOXES

being placed on the hazard table, and three groom porters crooks laid across, the coffin was put upon them, *Bellendenus* read the

FUNERAL SERVICE.

“ I AM *Bellendenus*, that wrote the Latin
 “ Book against the present Ministry; and
 “ he that believes what I there advanced, if
 “ he be *in place*, shall soon be *out of place*, for
 “ the words were against the KING, against
 “ the QUEEN, and against the CONSTITU-
 “ TION.

“ This Regency Body brought nothing
 “ to the Party but DISGRACE, and that
 “ disgrace it leaveth with them. The
 “ Lords and Commons gave her existence
 “ —the Lords and Commons have taken
 “ that *existence* away; and to them the people
 “ shout universal thanks for the same.

“ Let *Treason* sleep—let *Rebellion* lurk in
 “ the hearts of the *Party*—let them keep a
 “ *Padlock* on their lips; for the eye of Jus-
 “ tice is abroad, and the very timber in pre-
 “ paration for the *Scaffold* and the *Pillory*.

“ My

“ My heart was hot within me, but the
“ death of this our departed friend has
“ made me cool indeed !!

“ O Fox !—O Sheridan !—O Burke !—
“ O Francis !—O Powys !—and O ye Irish
“ Delegates !—behold this wretched skele-
“ ton of all our hopes, and say with me,
“ What a forry fight is this !!

“ In the fulness of our grief, let us there-
“ fore sing a dirge.

TUNE—*Galloping Dreary Dun.*

A Prince we have got, and we are his men,
Getting drunk, night, noon, and day :
To our Bumpers, then Boys, we will turn again ;
With our dice here,
And box there,
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Stamping,
Swearing,

Sitting up, getting drunk, night, noon, and day.

We close watch'd the Bill so blithe and so merry,
Getting drunk, night, noon, and day ;
With Fox, and with Burke, with Francis, and Sherry :
Our dice here, &c.

We thought ourselves sure of a Regent at least,
 Getting drunk, night, noon, and day;
 And that fasting so long, we should soon have a feast:
 With our dice here, &c.

But a Doctor stepp'd in—and we could not see him;
 (Getting drunk, night, noon, and day)
 For if that we had, we should certainly see him.
 With our dice here, &c.

So thus being hobbl'd, bamboozl'd, perplex'd,
 Getting drunk, night, noon, and day,
 We find ourselves now, most cursedly vex'd:
 With our dice here, &c.

Then lay her down gently under this table,
 And getting drunk, night, noon, and day,
 We'll curse Dr. Willis as long as we're able
 With our here

THE SERMON.

His chymical Grace, Bishop Wrong-
 side, having mounted a temporary pulpit,
 borrowed from Alderman Skinner, preached
 the following melancholy and learned Ser-
 mon on the occasion.

In the xxxii chapter of Exodus, and the
 20th verse, you will find these words—

“ And

“ And he took the *Calf* which they had
 “ made, and burnt it in the fire, and
 “ ground it to powder, and strewed it
 “ upon the water, and made the children
 “ of Israel drink it.”

The *Calf* here described by Moses, was neither more nor less than a REGENT made by Aaron, at the request of an idolatrous party who meant to fall down and worship it. It was a *Regent* made in the absence of Moses, which, from Aaron's own words, was intended to fleece the people, but which afterwards, by the commands of Moses, was broke to pieces, and the Regent-makers themselves obliged to drink it.

The unfortunate Lady which has been just committed to the hole under the table, stood in the predicament of Aaron's Regent. She was a creature unknown to the Constitution made in the moment of necessity, and with every precaution would have proved a heavy charge to the kingdom; and those who were to be oppressed would soon have cursed her existence. Providence, however, has directed the issue to be otherwise; and though we, who were to be gain-

ers had she lived, may lament her fall, yet as her exit is for the general benefit of the Empire, we must, as the saying is make the best of a bad bargain.

Droop not your heads, therefore, O my disappointed brethren!—it is better, at all times, to live in *hope*, than die by despair. This world is uncertain; and the very room in which we now stand, ought to teach you, that what is *lost* to-day, may be *won* again to-morrow.

The *Regent* which Aaron made, was called a *golden Calf*;—the *Regency* which we have lost, might well be named a *Milch Cow*; and the *Regent* which Ireland proposed, was baptized by the title of *Bull*: but whether *Calf*, or *Cow*, or *Bull*, the intent was the same, and the purposes would have been fulfilled alike. The *molten Images* of power, thought they may differ in form, yet in substance are similar, from the days of *Moses* and *Aaron*, down to *Charles Fox* and *Brinsley Sheridan*. *Cæsars*, *Neros*, *Caligulas*, *Nebuchadnezzars*, *Dionysius's*, and *Oliver Cromwell's* are to be found in every age, and there never

ver yet existed a kingdom where wealth and power were not the objects of envy.

These being facts of notoriety, which can be verified by historical proofs, I wish you to turn your mind to the subject, and attend the instructions which I now recommend.

Moses broke the *golden Calf*, and by the assistance of a chymical preparation, reduced it to a liquid, which he obliged the Israelites to drink. He did this to shew his contempt of the Image, but being an honest man, he would not deprive them of the essence;—or in a modern phrase, if they had it not in *meal*, he was resolved to give it to them in *malt*.

Now I do seriously advise that the body of our departed Lady may, like the carcase of *Aaron's Calf*, be reduced to a liquid, inasmuch as it must bring the essence nearer to your hearts, and thereby keep it the longer in remembrance.

That Moses made the children of Israel *drink* their *Regent*, is not, as many may imagine, merely apocryphal; for I can prove the fact, and give you the strongest evidence

evidence of Moses being one of the greatest *Chymists* that the world ever produced, by two letters in my own possession; the one written by MIZRAIM, the grandson of *Noah*, and the other by HERMES, surnamed TRISMEGISTUS the younger, from whom Chymistry was called the *Hermetic Art*. Both these gentlemen inform me, that Moses made the Golden Calf potable by calcining it into a liquid; and I do most firmly believe this fact, in contradiction to what all the enemies of Moses and the Prophets have declared.

Considering the matter in this point of view, I see no possible objection that can prevent our transmuting the body of our departed friend into such *Liquors* as she would have afforded us had she lived; and which, as I said before, will be making the best of a bad bargain. I will engage to make her into Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, Port, Madeira, Sherry, Lisbon, Rum, Brandy, Arrack, Gin, and Porter; and have not a doubt of extracting a little Whiskey for our Six Irish Friends, even without the assistance of the five thousand books of Chymistry, published since the Edict of Dioclesian, in the third century.

I am

I am happy to see my friend Burke smile at all times, but hope, by the contraction of his muscles at what I have now said, that he don't think I am *flinging the hatchet*, as our facetious Courtney expresses himself, when he goes beyond the truth. Mr. Burke is a friend to Chymistry: He has long been endeavouring to *transmute* the *baser* metal into *Gold*, and actually went so far as the art of making *Words* into *Money*. That he has failed in his grand trial, gives me pain—but he owes the non-accomplishment of his desires, to following the plan in its infant state, when the idea of making iron, tin, copper, &c. into gold had got such fast hold of the people, that they thought every thing they *calcined* should turn to that precious metal. He should have studied *Geber*, of the seventh Century; O! had he studied *Geber* as I have done, he might, if he could not *transmute* himself into the Treasury, have at least translated his talents more advantageously for his domestic happiness, and his public character.

But to return to the body of Mrs. Regency:—would to God she had been a golden Calf in *reality*, instead of a milch Cow in *expectancy*:—then indeed we might with

joy have lucratively shared in the fluid to which I should have reduced her ; and it would have been a valuable fluid ; but at present, we must take her for *better* for *worse*, and if we cannot reduce her to porter, wine, ale or spirit, we must swallow the draught of disappointment, whether it be mineral, vegetable, animal, vitriolic, nitrous, marine, native, factitious, or empyreumatic ; for it is *political* in us so to do.

“ I see our *Congreve Brinsley* knit his brow at this. The beverage I allow is not so pleasant as the *Milk* would have been, had our Regent Cow but lived a few days longer : but he must not complain. I well know what he advised, and that if his doctrine had been followed, our Regency would now be in full vigour. He advised immediate *Confirmation*, and I am the more surprised that a Man who has been *universally* CREDITED by the *Trading* and *Mechanical* body of the people, should not have *faith* with his *intimate friends* and acquaintance.

That I shall be able to reduce the body into the liquid substance I have mentioned, I have just as little doubt of accomplishing,

as Moses had of making the *Golden Calf* into drink for the Israelites. *Geber* the Arab, has laid down rules for *liquidating per descensum*, and *per ascensum*, although he says nothing of distillation *per retortam*; and we have a variety of established instances, wherein a *blue* cloth coat, and a *buff* cloth or *kerseymere* waistcoat, if *new*, can, by the assistance of *three pendant balls*, be liquidated into a *quart of wine*, and if old, into a *pot of porter*, or *half a pint of gin*:—these pendant balls are not like the figures of a distilling apparatus exhibited by *Zosimus*, of *Panapolis* in Egypt, who lived in the fourth Century after Christ. They are the golden balls that hang at the front of a pawnbroker's shop: *Zosimus's* figures may be seen in *Borrichius' Hermetis et Egyptiorum Sapientia*, page 156. The three balls are to be found at the corner of almost every dark alley in and about London. If these things are to be done, there remains little doubt of my fulfilling my word.

It is not, however, by such balls that I mean to dissolve the body of her who would have been our best friend. They are too
much

much adulterated at present, as well by Parliament as by out-door Quacks, to answer our ends ; and their original virtue being lost, they will not soon be able to produce more for a whole suit than a glass of Gin.

From the whole of what I have said on this subject, and without entering further into the merits of a study that must lead me into an immense length of Sermon, if I pursued it now, as I have hitherto done, *ab origine ad infinitum*,—I shall draw to a conclusion.

The political as well as the legal dissolution of our departed friend, we must all lament with the most sincere sorrow. She is gone, never to rise again in that strength and with that patronage she promised ; but by the assistance of that power which I have *volumed* for the service of millions, who cannot comprehend my meaning, I here promise to do with the dead body of Mrs. Regency as Moses did with the *Golden Calf* of Aaron, make it into a *sorrowful beverage* for that party to whose Members it was to prove such a source of LUXURY and DISSIPATION.

I have

I have nothing further to say on this melancholy occasion, and therefore call upon Bobby Cocker, our postillion and clerk on the occasion, to sing a *Funeral Finale*.

B O B B Y C O C K E R,

arose with the call, and thus distinguished by a Bishop, whose footman's shoes his father was unworthy to wipe, sung that elegant and accomplished song, beginning, *Johnny Pringle had a little pig, &c.* The business thus finished, the company dispersed to their respective homes, in hopes of the *Liquid* resurrection of their departed mistress,

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

THUS fell one of the most extraordinary creatures that this or any other kingdom ever produced—its precedent not appearing among the historical events of Europe, even after the strictest and most minute search into all and every the records that time had preserved.

That

That her maturity in power would have done a signal mischief to this country, seems to be the general opinion : those who supported her, bestowing their assent *ex necessitate*, and fearing they gave too much ; whilst such as opposed her, gave their negative, because the Lady had not sufficient latitude for the exercise of their avarice and ambition ; and as they well knew that such opposition only gratified their factious temper, without a probability of putting an end to the existence of the matter in issue.

Confined as she was to the exercise of power and patronage, yet the King's enemies were rejoiced to get her into their hands at any rate ; and so certain were they of that event, that they made the most splendid preparation for the day of their inauguration.

Every place under the Crown, that was not already tenanted for life, was promised to the friends of those who were against the Sovereign, from the holder of the Great Seal, down to the Clerk of the Kitchen :—the very clothes of office were bought for the principals, and new liveries procured for new trains of servants.

The

The expectant Ministers of this great Lady talked in the highest tone of consequence to the servants of the King, and with a degree of impatience bordering on the most ravenous desire, asked, what occasioned delay, and why those in office did not instantly resign? as it was in vain to protract the business any longer.

But the Spirit of LOYALTY, and the Guardian Angel of the CONSTITUTION, watchful of the Sovereign, and attending to the welfare of her people, reported to the Master of the Universe what signal mischief threatened the British Empire.

The report was examined by the recording Minister of Heaven, and found to be true in every particle: upon which the Almighty sent down the GODDESS of HEALTH, desiring her to infuse her knowledge and her power into any person on whose integrity she could rely, directing that such person should attend, and in a progressive manner restore to the Sovereign that which was only taken from him to try the hearts, and prove the loyalty of his subjects—

E

The

The Goddess flew on eagle's wings to Lincoln, and selecting Doctor FRANCIS WILLIS as her representative, infused her attributes into his mind, preparatory to his advice being regularly called for by the friends of the King.

It is the province of Heaven never to err :
—the Doctor was sent for—consulted—ordered to prescribe—succeeded in his undertaking—and, in due time, GAVE BACK A MUCH LOV'D KING TO HIS AFFLICTED PEOPLE.

The ideas of the OPPOSING PARTY on this merciful miracle, in a moment so critical, may be better conceived than described. Unbelievers in every act, except such as are *the works of man*, they gave no credit to the first joyful tidings of the King's CONVALESCENCE ; but trained up from their infancy in the practice of deceit, they conceived that the Ministers were acting that diabolical part of treachery to the public, which they themselves should have done, were they in similar situations at so important a period.

The

The general notoriety of the fact, however, soon became too well established to doubt its truth ; and then, for the first time in their lives, the idea of a *Divinity* seemed to gain some credit with the party. They saw that the cup of power and wealth was dashed to the ground just as it touched their lips—that neither Chance or Nature could do this; and, of course, that there was somewhat superior to both. But the pangs which they felt at the loss of their expectant honours, roused their disappointment into the most rancorous inveteracy against the cause of their Sovereign's recovered faculties. In the bitterness of despair, we therefore now find them adopting the first part of the advice given by the wife of Job to her tortured husband; and in order to prove how *heartily* they do so, every day teems with publications that blaspheme the existence of truth, and are rank treason against the Crown and the Constitution.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

AT Eleven o'clock, in the forenoon of the day subsequent to the burial of this Great Lady, Mr. *Burke* and Mr. *Sheridan*, who were appointed executors, having assembled all THE PARTY at the Shakespeare Tavern, in the rooms where the paragraphs against the Royal Family, and against his Majesty's Ministers are copied for the press, the WILL was opened by Mr. *Fox*, and read in an audible voice by *Michael Angelo Taylor*, commonly called the *Chicken* of the House of Commons.—It runs thus :

In the name of THE PARTY, Amen. I, BRITANNIA REGENCY, of Palace-Yard, in the City of Westminster and County of Middlesex, widow, and relict of the late CONSTITUTIONAL REGENCY, Esq; being found in intention, though imperfect in body, do make this my Last Will and Testament, revoking all others.

IMPRIMIS, I bequeath my carcase, bowels, head, and limbs, to my aged mother *Martha Necessity*, who brought me into this life; to be disposed of by her as she may judge most proper.

And whereas I have received many marks of tenderness from the following persons, and wishing to make them all the return in my power, I give and bequeath my earthly property among them—that is to say,

To the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox*, as I know he stands in need of the same, *half my integrity*, reserving the other half for *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, to whom it will be an *entire Novelty*, recommending to those Gentlemen that they wear it next their hearts, as the only comfort they can possess in that dreadful moment, when the last breath of life shall tremble on their lips.

And I further give and bequeath to Joseph Surface, a small phial of innate modesty, with which he can at all times wipe away the brass that shines on his countenance, and thereby do justice to that station of life, to which it hath pleased political chance to elevate him.

I give and bequeath to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, a fine portrait of *Hippesley's Drunken Man*, as exhibited

by *Lee Lewes* at the Royalty Theatre, and which I lent only for a short period to their Royal Highnesses, wishing that he may give the same a place in his study, the two Princes having sufficiently studied the character to be quite perfect.

I give and bequeath to his Grace the Duke of *Queensbury*, my whole stock of *Gratitude*, well knowing that he is totally destitute of that qualification: And I also give and bequeath to His Grace, *one grain* of political honesty, being a most valuable acquisition to so illustrious a character.

I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable *Edmund Burke*, every *CLAUSE* I possess against the misfortune of *INSANITY*, desiring that he may treasure up the same, as the *richest* gift I have to bestow, and the most *valuable* present he can receive.

I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable Lord *Malmesbury*, all the *Amendments* I received from the Party, trusting that he will not give them a *DUTCH* place in his mind, and turn an act of friendship into a *BARBED ARROW*, against the benevolent bosom that conferred the obligation.

I give and bequeath to *Michael Angelo Taylor* and Lord *Fielding*, my *COMMON SENSE*, binding them by this my Will not to dispose of, but to hold the same *durante vitæ*, without let or hindrance from those natural faculties which were born with them.

I give and bequeath to Mr. *Courtney*, all the new *jest*s and *puns* that were given to me from the day of my birth to the day of my death, with this proviso, that he shall substitute their originality in all his speeches for the stale jokes of *Joe Millar*.

I give and bequeath to Mr. *Francis*, in lieu of what he has lost by not going out Governor General of *Bengal*, the speech which Mr. *Burke* intended to make respecting my *exit* on the King's Convalescence; which speech, with a few alterations, must prove a fortune to Mr. *Francis*, on any debate respecting the *Crown and Ministry*; and I recommend it to him to have the same set up for the Morning Chronicle, like every other speech that he attempts, a day before he delivers it in Parliament, that the same may be revised in proper time by the *Author*.

I give and bequeath to *Edmund Burke*, in addition to what I have already bestowed on that great man, all the
Jesuitical

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